

# Pathfinder

SPECIAL GUIDE SUPPLEMENT  
FALL, 1984



**A SCORE  
TO SETTLE**

**Almost Ten  
What's In A Name?**

**Forest Grove Guards Olympics**



CRAQUERS THE CROW IS WANTING AN EARLY START TO CAMP HALE. FLIP THE PAGES WITH YOUR THUMB AND HELP HIM WING HIS WAY TO COLORADO.

## What's in It for You . . .

### Database

How salty is the ocean?  
What's the tallest mountain?  
Find these answers and more  
on page J.



### Bivouac

The soup's on! But Tex has quite a splash in store as he serves up chow for the Trailblazers. Page E



### Spotlight

How do you pick a pocket and guard your honor at the same time? Page P

### A Score to Settle

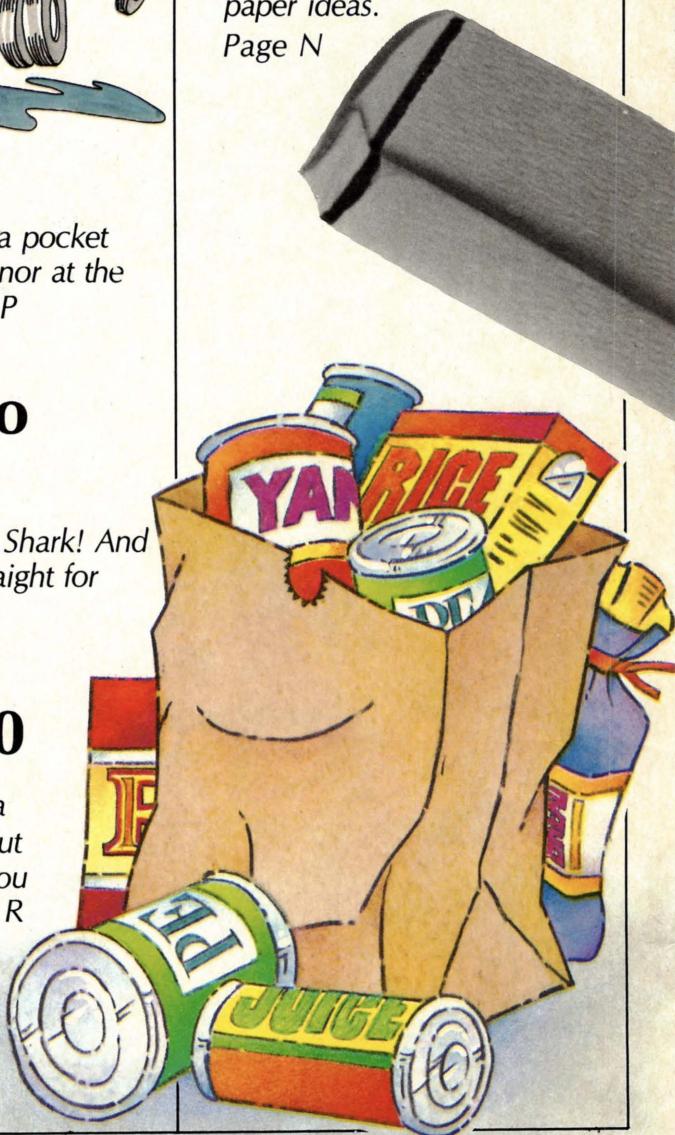
It was Cosmos the Shark! And he was headed straight for Mike. Page F

### Almost 10

Collecting cans is a big job, it's true. But just how old do you have to be? Page R

### Clubcraft

You'll be sure to get off the ground with these great new paper ideas.  
Page N



# Pathfinder

SPECIAL  
GUIDE SUPPLEMENT

## Network

*Help wanted: Now hiring top-notch reporters. Details inside. Page V*



## Trailblazer

*Pete and his friends are out collecting cans. But it's a big neighborhood. Help Pete find his way through and make an all-time record. Page L*

## Byteline

*What's in a name? Turn to page U and find out. There's a lot more than you might think.*

## CHARGE!

### What do you do for entertainment?

Are you a TV junkie? Do you spend your money on wet and wild water slides? Or for records, or amusement parks? You may choose to settle in for an evening of trivia. Then again, maybe you're the partying type.

Many forms of entertainment are good, healthy, or educational, but many others are not. It's not always easy for Christians to tell the difference between the two.

That's one good reason we have Pathfinders for Juniors and Earliteens. Pathfinders provides a chance to learn new skills, put them into practice, meet new friends, and develop social skills. But Pathfinders is more. It is outreach. Helping others and finding fun and entertainment in doing so.

PATHFINDER magazine is a major part of Pathfindering. It's packed with ideas, instructions, diagrams, and color. And it's fun to read! Whether your space is city, country, or in between, PATHFINDER magazine is for you. It's a roll-up-and-take-with-you magazine that you can't afford to be without. PATHFINDER magazine is a sparkling publication just for you!

**Les Pitton**

Director North American Youth Ministries



## SOME UNIFORM ANSWERS

by Ron Stretter

### Q: When did the idea of a uniform change come up?

A. In January, 1981, the General Conference Youth Department called a special Pathfinder Advisory Committee. They met to study the needs of Pathfindering in the 1980s and specifically in the North American Division. This committee—more than 50 percent lay

**NOTE:** Elder Ron Stretter is Youth Director of the Columbia Union Conference and serves as chairman of the NAD Pathfinder Committee.

Pathfinder leaders—expressed a strong desire to change the style and color of the 30-year-old uniform requirements.

### Q: Why was there a need for a change?

A. It was observed that the style was out-of-date. The girls and ladies had three or four different uniforms, and the boys' slacks were an impractical color.

### Q: Why have a Pathfinder uniform?

A. One of the key reasons to have a uniform is to give a sense of belonging. Many organizations have uniforms to give identity to their employees. From summer camp staffs to airline pilots, from nurses to firemen—all have a uniform that tells you what organiza-

tion they belong to. This is the reason for the Pathfinder uniform.

### Q: Who came up with the present uniform style and color?

A. As a result of the Pathfinder Advisory Committee study, the North American Division appointed a Pathfinder specialty committee. This group, representing eight conference youth directors and about twenty lay Pathfinder leaders, began work on a new uniform. Their recommendations were presented to the entire North American Division. The new uniform was accepted and voted to be implemented by the 1984-1985 Pathfinder year. The change-over would be complete by the time of the North American Pathfinder Camporee in the summer of 1985.

# GOOD COOKIES GO FAST

Everybody loves them. That's why Pathfinder Cookies are the perfect fund-raiser for your club.

Pathfinder Cookies are easy to sell. They're delicious and healthful. They're completely free of additives and preservatives. And they come in a colorful box decorated with pictures of Pathfinders.

Find out how your club can earn money for the camporee or other projects. Ask your director to call Mrs. Richards at 305-322-3912, or write to The House of Bread, Box 1393, Sanford, Florida 32771.

## Watch Out, the Soup's On!

"We're going to have the best camp food at the camporee," said Mac, rubbing his tummy. "I'm getting hungry just thinking about it."

"You may be going on a diet, Mac, 'cause nobody here knows how to cook," said Tex.

"I've made cookies before," volunteered Jena.

"We're going to have to plan a menu and learn how to cook," said Pete. "You know what happened before when we didn't plan. I don't want to eat burned marshmallows and warm hot dogs for the whole camporee."

"I've got an idea," said Toby. "Why don't you all come over to my house tonight and let's have a trial run. We can build a fire in our backyard and practice cooking."

"OK," chorused everyone.

"But what are we going to cook?" asked Wendy.

"What about pancakes?" suggested Mac.

"For supper?" laughed Jena. "No way."

"I know. How about some stew?" asked Pete. "Stew's easy to make and it's filling."

"That sounds great!" said Toby, smacking his lips. "Let's get started."

The Trailblazers sat down and made a list of everything they

thought they'd need. They asked each person to bring something. Toby was providing the stewpot. Pete was going to get the firewood. Wendy, Toby, Mac, and Jena were going to bring the ingredients.

Tex put Wendy, Toby, and Mac to work cutting carrots, celery, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. He washed out the pot, added water, and started dumping his vegetables in. He opened a can of beans and a can of corn and threw in a package of noodles.

"Great stew, huh?" said Tex. "Toby, give me a hand carrying this pot to the fire." The two boys carried the big kettle over to the fire trying not to splash any stew on their shoes.

"What do we do with it?" asked Toby.



"Just set it on the fire," said Tex.

The pot sat steady for a moment and then the logs shifted. SPLASH! Wendy screamed. Toby scrambled out of the way as the stew poured over the fire and splashed on the stones. The fire sputtered and hissed and gave off a great cloud of smoke and steam. The Trailblazers stood in stunned silence looking at the dead fire, the empty stew pot, and the remains of their delicious meal.

Finally Wendy said, "I think there's some carrots left." She giggled. Mac let out a loud Ha! Ha! Then everyone started laughing and yelling and pointing at the kettle.

"Great stew, huh?" said Pete, wiping his eyes.

"Well, Wendy," said Tex. "Let's see if we can find any more of those carrots you were talking about. Jena? Do you mind if I borrow your campcraft book? I want to see what it says about cooking over an open fire."

The Trailblazers helped Tex make more stew from the leftover food while Toby built another fire. Mac and Wendy searched the woods behind Toby's house for two stout sticks. One shaped like a Y and a straight one about five feet long.

They placed the Y stick in the ground by the fire and rested one end of the straight stick in the Y and the other end on the ground. Then they hung the kettle over the fire from a notch in the straight stick.

The group gathered around the fire. Soon the stew was bubbling merrily.

"We're going to have the best food at the camporee," said Mac, rubbing his tummy. "Pass the chow. Boy, am I hungry!"



A  
SCORE TO  
SETTLE

*Boats sinking, nets ripped up, catches lost . . . Something strange was going on in San Ganzaga Bay, and Mike was swimming there. Alone.*

**H**ANG ON, EVERYBODY. Here we go!"

The old station wagon pulled off the roadside and onto the soft, sandy beach. It was a beautiful day. The Bower family had driven down the Baja Peninsula to San Luis Ganzaga Bay for a short vacation. The open stretch of beach was a welcome change from the crowds at home in San Diego. They often camped on this bay, enjoying the sea life and fresh ocean breeze. Mike and Kris sat on the open tailgate as their father steered the car along the shoreline.

"This is going to be a fun weekend," Mike said.

"I hope so." Kris looked worried.

"What's the matter, Kris?" Mike asked. "You've always liked coming here before."

"Well, after what Mr. Marcy told me . . ." She shrugged.

"Mr. Marcy? You mean the old man at the fishing pier?"

Kris nodded.

"I told him we were coming down here for a camping trip," she went on. "He said we should be real careful." Kris leaned over, her eyes wide. "Ganzaga Bay is the home of Cosmos."

"Cosmos? Who's Cosmos?"

"A shark. A real big one." She waved her arms. "To hear Mr. Marcy tell it, he's some kind of monster. He's got me so scared I don't want to go near the water."

"C'mon, Kris. Don't be silly," Mike said. "There's no such thing as monsters. Just tell me what he said."

"Well," Kris swallowed hard. "Mr. Marcy told me that in San Luis Ganzaga Bay there lived a huge shark named Cosmos. He was twelve feet long and used to swim behind boats as they sailed around the bay. Even though he was so big, he never bothered anyone . . . until one day."

"What happened?" Mike leaned forward expectantly.

"One day a man came down to the bay in his big, deep-sea fishing boat," she continued. "He rode all around the bay, showing it off to the people. Then he saw Cosmos."

"Did the man try to catch him?"

Kris shook her head.

"No. But the big shark scared him so badly that he turned his boat around and ran right over Cosmos."

"How terrible!"

"It didn't hurt him too much," she went on. "But when the boat's propeller went by, it took a chunk out of his dorsal fin. Now everyone can recognize Cosmos by that nick. It's there to this day."

"Brother!" Mike rubbed his chin. "What a mean thing to do to an animal."

"That's not all." Kris held up a forefinger. "Mr. Marcy said that now Cosmos is mad. He remembers how that boat ran over him and wants to get even." She paused. "He's got a score to settle."

"Aw, Kris." Mike frowned. "That's ridiculous."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Kris warned. "Mr. Marcy said strange things have been happening on the

bay since then. Boats sinking, nets ripped up, catches lost. Most folks believe Cosmos is to blame."

"Well, I don't believe it." Mike crossed his arms defiantly.

"Suit yourself," Kris replied. "But just you be careful in the water. If you come face to face with Cosmos don't say I didn't warn you."

Mike laughed and looked out over the surf. Big deal, he thought to himself. So who's afraid of a dumb ol' shark, anyway?

"Here we are," Dad called from the front of the car. "Everybody out and let's get the camp set up."

For the rest of the day Mike hardly had time to think about his sister's shark story. He explored the tidepools, caught some crabs, he even found a tiny octopus. Kris spent most of the afternoon collecting shells along the shore and putting them in plastic bags to take back home. Mom and Dad worked around the picnic table, and before long had cooked up a steaming supper of roasted corn. The family was just sitting down to eat when suddenly Kris cried out.

"Look!" she pointed out to sea. "Our air mattress!"

Sure enough. Tumbling just above the whitecaps in the strong afternoon breeze was their bright red air mattress. A freakish gust of wind had caught it and tossed it into the surf. Turning one last graceful somersault, it finally splashed into the water about eighty yards off shore.

"Well, that's that, I suppose," said Dad, shielding his eyes against the glare. "Guess we'll just have to get another one back home."

"I can swim out for it," Mike said.

"That's quite a way to go," Dad replied.

"I can make that easily." Mike was already heading for the water. "Besides, I can ride it back to shore."



"OK, Mike," Dad called after him. "But if you see it getting away from you, come right back. Understand?" Mike was off in a flash.

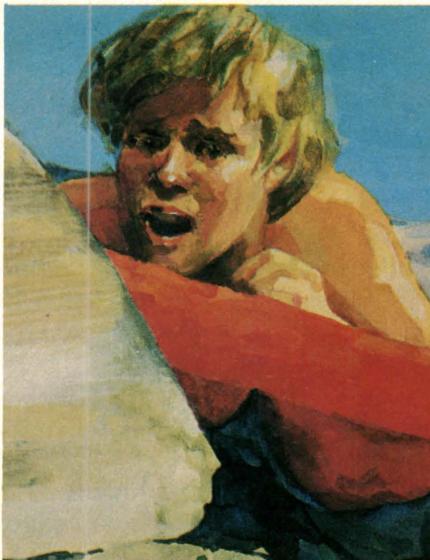
"Be back in a minute."

He dove into the surf and began swimming. He took long, even strokes, quickly covering the gap to the bobbing mattress. He pulled himself up on it in a sitting position and caught his breath.

Hey! That wasn't too bad, Mike thought to himself. Like I said, nothing to worry about. He dipped his hands in the water and turned toward shore.

Then he saw it.

Not twenty yards away, heading straight for him. A huge, blue-black dorsal fin cut the water like a



*The big shark had circled back. Mike could just make out a gaping mouth and two steely eyes.*

knife. He could clearly see the jagged notch across its leading edge.

"Cosmos!" Mike was rigid with fear. The shark veered to the left and circled him, a swell of foamy water followed behind. Its enormous body was clearly visible just below the surface. Fighting the panic swelling in his chest, he looked to shore. Kris was screaming and jumping up and down. Mom and Dad were waving their arms and shouting.

"Get out of there, Mike!" Dad called. "Swim for it!"

Mike turned and looked for the shark. It had circled and was coming back around toward him. Mike could just make out a gaping mouth and two steely eyes. He dove forward on the mattress and paddled for all he was worth. The spray choked him and burned his eyes, but he kept up his frantic

# SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

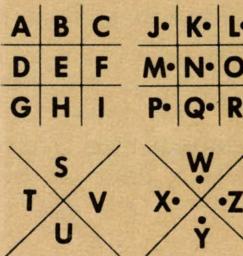
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pace. After what seemed like an eternity his feet hit bottom. He staggered out of the surf and onto the sand, sputtering and gasping for breath. Kris was at his side in a moment.

"It was Cosmos, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yeah!" Mike gulped hard. "Oh, and you weren't kidding, Kris. That shark had hate in his eyes. And those teeth! I thought I was goners."

"What's this?" Dad knelt beside them. "Who are you talking about?"

"It was Cosmos, Dad!" Mike said excitedly. "I could have reached out and touched him he was so close. I just knew he was going to take a bite out of me."

"Wait a minute, hold on." Dad waved his hand. "Are you sure it was Cosmos?"

"Of course!" Mike answered. "He had the notched fin and everything. He came right at me. He had great big teeth, ugly yellow eyes . . ."

Dad chuckled.

"He did, did he?" He laughed again. Kris stared at him.

"Dad! What's so funny? Mike could have been killed, or eaten, or worse!"

"By Cosmos?" Dad broke out laughing again. "That would be the day."

"Huh?" Mike was confused.

"Cosmos would never hurt you." Dad wiped his eyes.

"But Dad!" Kris objected. "Mr. Marcy said . . ."

"Oh, I know." Dad smiled. "I've heard those stories too. 'Cosmos the killer—he's got a score to settle.' But none of it's true. Cosmos isn't that kind of shark."

"A shark's a shark," Mike retorted.

"Now that's not exactly right, Mike," Dad said. "There are a lot of different types of sharks in the world, but only a very few are actually dangerous. Take Cosmos, for instance." He nodded toward the surf. "He's what is known as a basking shark. They swim near the



# UP, UP, AND AWAY

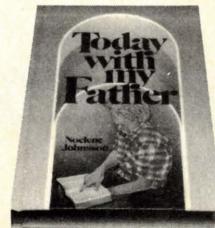
"It was a little scary at first," 13-year-old Robyn Alford said of her summer hot-air-ballooning experiences.

Preparing a balloon for flight turned out to be quite a task, Robyn discovered. After she helped lay out the thousand yards of sturdy nylon fabric that make up the balloon, she helped attach it by cables to the basket. Then she held the fabric part of the balloon as the pilot directed hot air into the balloon's body. As the inside became hot, the balloon began to rise. "When the tethers were released we floated skyward," Robyn said. "It seemed to me like we were staying still and the earth was moving."

Hot-air ballooning must be fun. But it is nothing by comparison with that journey up through the clouds that Jesus has planned for us. And the clouds we'll be looking for on our superjourney are the clouds of angels that surround

Jesus. On that trip we won't be staring down at the earth. We'll be too busy looking for Him.

You'll love the stories about interesting people and things tucked into *Today With My Father*, next year's youth devotional book by Noelene Johnsson. Begin each day with a story that will draw you toward heaven. Available now at your Adventist Book Center for US\$7.50.



 Review and Herald Publishing Association

surface to feed on tiny plants and animals called plankton—their favorite food. Of course, it's not always safe to be so close to the surface. Sometimes they get run over by boats, like Cosmos did. A lot of basking sharks have notched fins—or worse—because of it." Dad stood up and brushed the sand from his knee.

"I supposed Cosmos might have been curious about you, Mike," he went on, "but that would be about it. People aren't on his menu."

"But what about all the stories?" Kris asked.

"Oh, that's just people spinning yarns." Dad shook his head and chuckled. "Most folks are afraid of

things they don't understand. Besides, it's been popular to make sharks out to be monsters, like in a TV program or a movie. Unfortunately, people will believe the scriptwriter rather than find out the facts for themselves."

"So I didn't almost get bitten by a shark?" Mike asked.

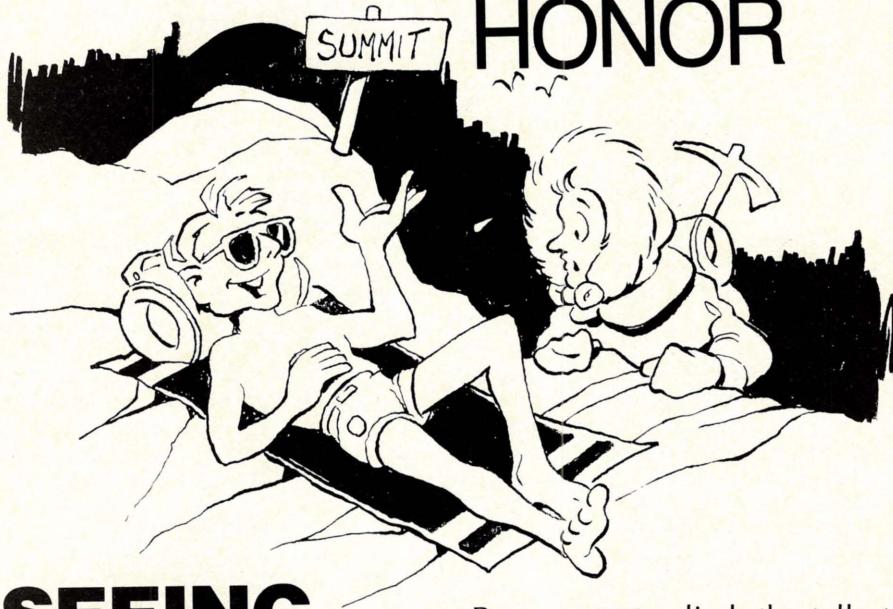
"No, Mike," Dad replied. "I'm afraid not."

"Too bad," said Kris. "It would have made a great story to tell the kids at school."

"Aw, who would care?" Mike brushed the sand off the air mattress and headed back to the campsite. "Who's afraid of a dumb ol' shark, anyway?"



## HIGH HONOR



## SEEING EARS

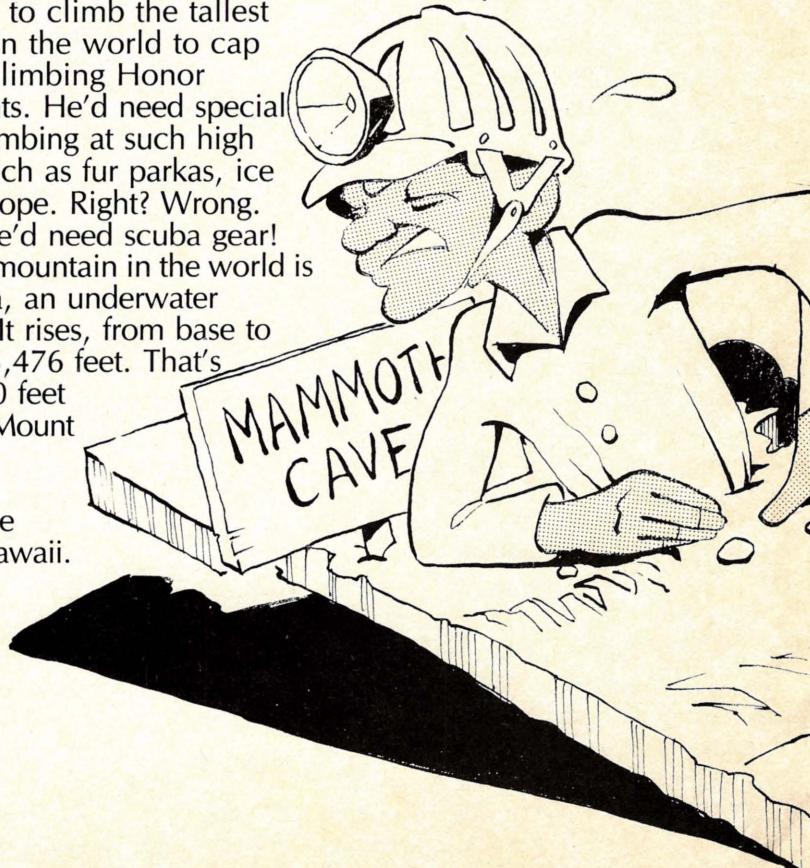
You've heard of seeing-eye dogs, haven't you? How about hearing-ear dogs? These dogs have been specially trained to warn their masters of doorbells and telephones ringing, alarms sounding, and even babies crying.



Pete wants to climb the tallest mountain in the world to cap his Rock Climbing Honor requirements. He'd need special gear for climbing at such high altitudes, such as fur parkas, ice axes, and rope. Right? Wrong. Actually, he'd need scuba gear! The tallest mountain in the world is Mauna Kea, an underwater mountain. It rises, from base to summit, 33,476 feet. That's a full 4,000 feet taller than Mount Everest! It breaks the water on the island of Hawaii.

## A DEEP SUBJECT

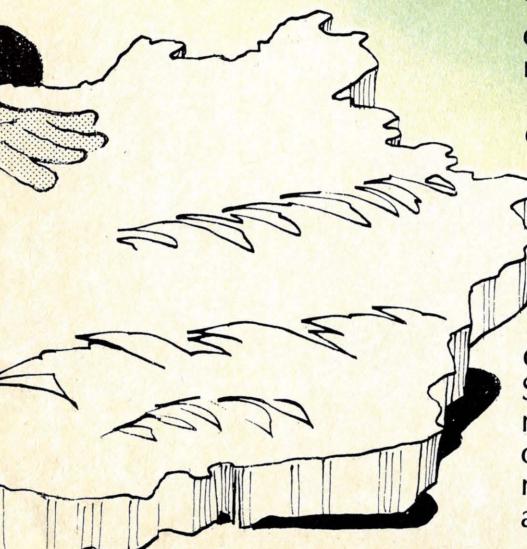
To get your Advanced Caving Honor, you need at least one hundred hours of caving experience. That may be the most difficult requirement to meet. But for Pathfinders in central Kentucky, this should pose no special problem. Mammoth Cave, near Bowling Green, is the longest cave in the world. In this underground marvel, one will find rivers, waterfalls, and two spectacular lakes. A Pathfinder covering five miles a day—quite a feat even for an expert—would need a full month to explore it all.



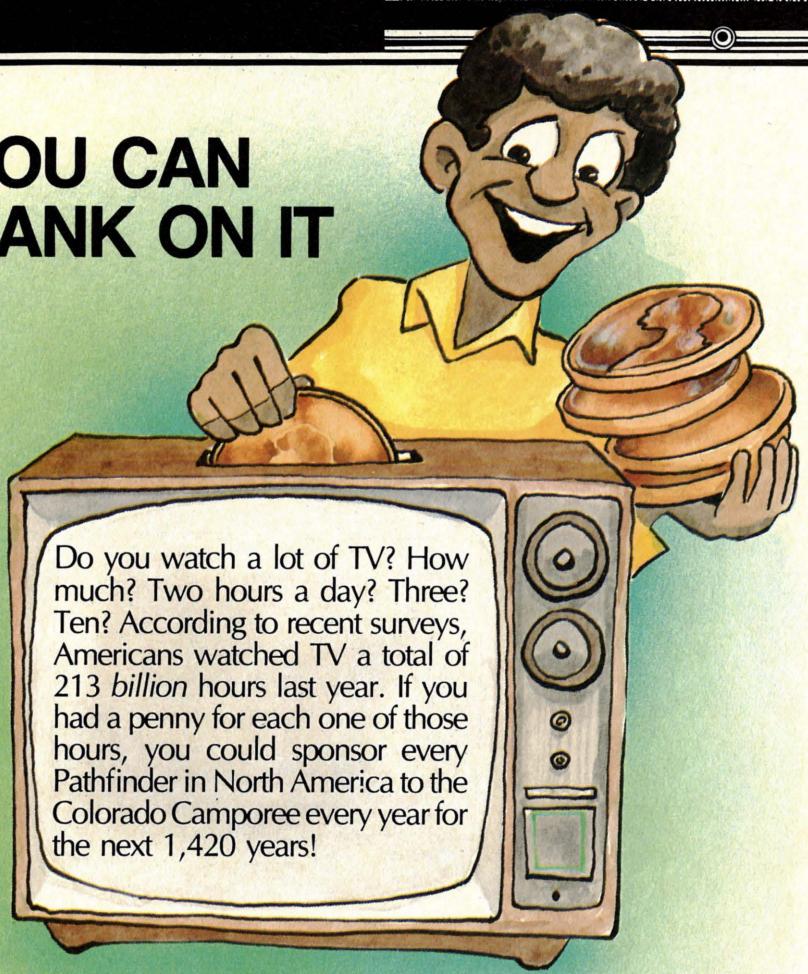


## SALT OF THE EARTH

If you hike along the seashore you have to take along drinking water. Even though the ocean is very wet, its water has too much dissolved salt in it to drink. Just how salty is the ocean? Well, if all the oceans of the world dried up they would leave behind enough salt to cover the continental United States with a layer one and one-half miles deep.



## YOU CAN BANK ON IT



## POISON IVY

The majority of Pathfinders are "allergic" to poison ivy and suffer each year from its itchy rash. What makes poison ivy so harmful? The leaves and other parts of the vine contain a sticky oil that is very irritating to a person's skin. This oil rubs off on everything that touches it—like a Pathfinder's hands and clothes. A short time later, itching and reddening develop, then blisters form. Since the person many times might rub his face or arms with oil-splotched hands before the rash is seen, the irritation appears to "spread."





The Trailblazers are collecting cans and have a  
rule: no can can be used more than once.  
As one can—the object being to get as many as  
possible without crossing your own trail. Good luck!

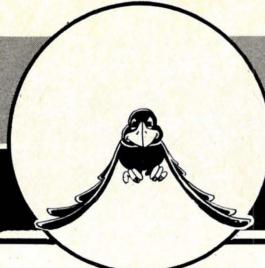


# TrailBlazer

lot of territory to cover. Follow the streets and see how many cans you can get. Each square counts possible before you reach the end. But watch out! You can pass over a square only once. No backing up or



Used with permission from Jerry Mander, George Dippel, and Howard Gossage, The Great International Paper Airplane Book (New York: Simon and Shuster, 1967).



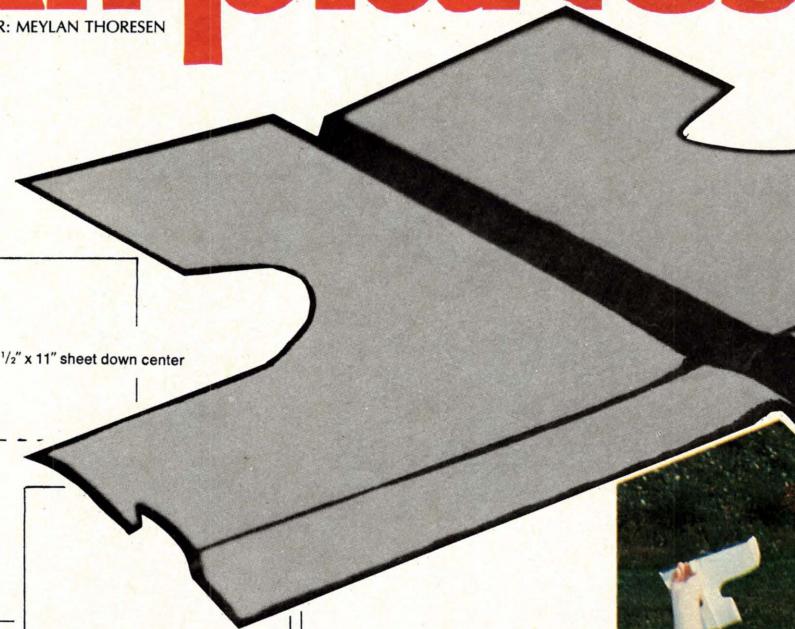
# Paper Airplanes

PHOTOGRAPHER: MEYLAN THORESEN

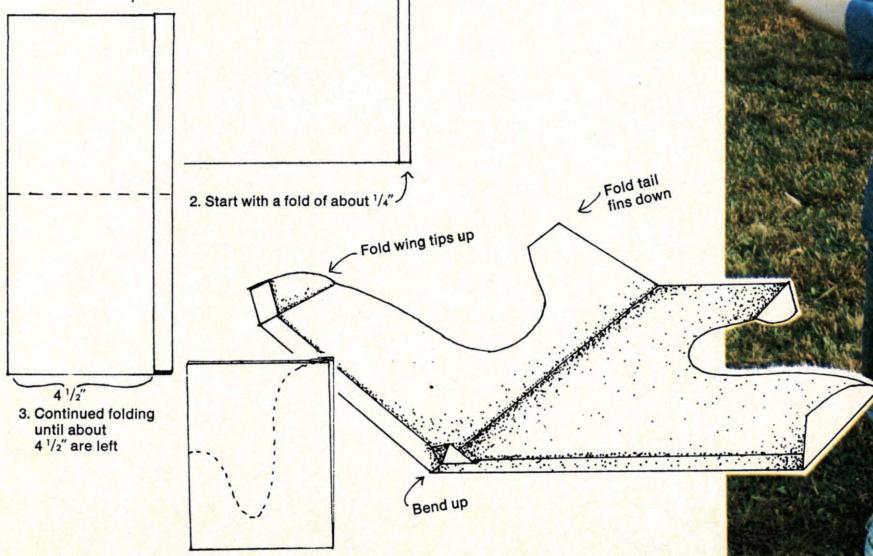
Have you ever been a paper pilot? You have if you've flown a paper airplane. Whether your space was in a classroom or on a hillside, you know how much fun paper piloting can be.

These three designs won top prizes in a national competition. Try these, or make up your own designs and have your own competition.

This plane won the Scientific American award for aerobatics and was designed by Captain R. S. Barnaby, U.S.N., of Philadelphia. He is a pioneer aviator and is known as the "Elder Statesman of Aviation." He actually knew Orville Wright!



1. Crease 8 1/2" x 11" sheet down center



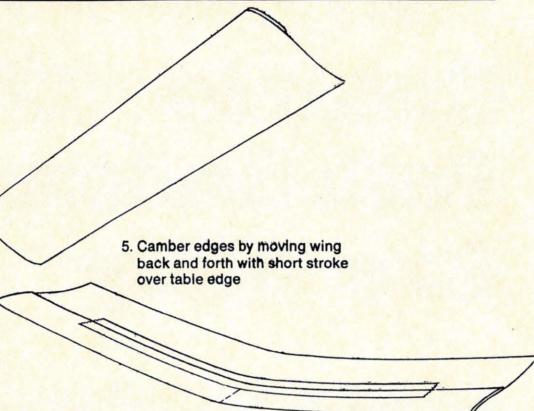
2. Start with a fold of about 1/4"

3. Continued folding until about 4 1/2" are left

4. Fold in half and cut as shown



# ClubCraft



1. Fold in half and open again

2. Fold one side in half

4. Fold over again; Tape

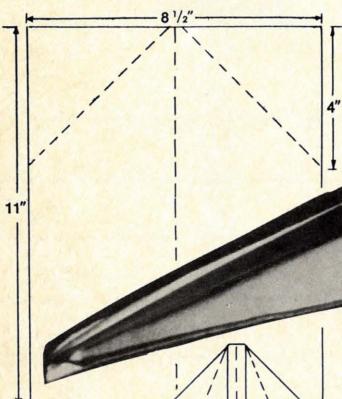
5. Camber edges by moving wing back and forth with short stroke over table edge

6. Crease folded section at center point. Hold between thumb and forefinger and launch with gentle horizontal motion.

3. Fold same side in half again

Fredrick J. Hooven, special consultant to the general manager at the Ford Motor Company, designed this plane. It won the duration aloft award. Mr. Hooven used to test airplane models in Orville Wright's wind tunnels!

1. Crease on center line. Fold corners in as shown



Try this design to get long distances. This plane, designed by Louis W. Schultz, an employee of Stewart-Warner Corp., won the distance flown award in the competition.

2. Fold again on dotted line

3. Fold away from you on center line. Make opposite folds on dotted lines

4. To get this

Top view

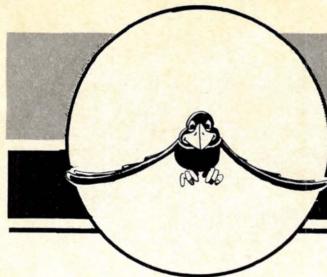
5. Tape as shown

Bottom view

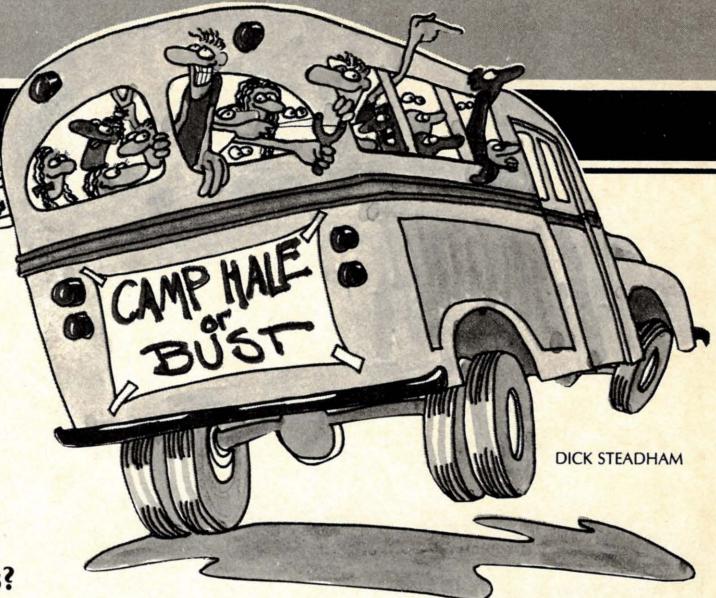
4. Hold wings together with tape giving them a slight upward angle (see photo)

5. Camber edges by moving wing back and forth with short stroke over table edge

O



# Ontario Pathfinders Are BUSy



**Q: What's yellow, has six wheels, and sings?**

**A: A busload of Pathfinders going to Camp Hale.**

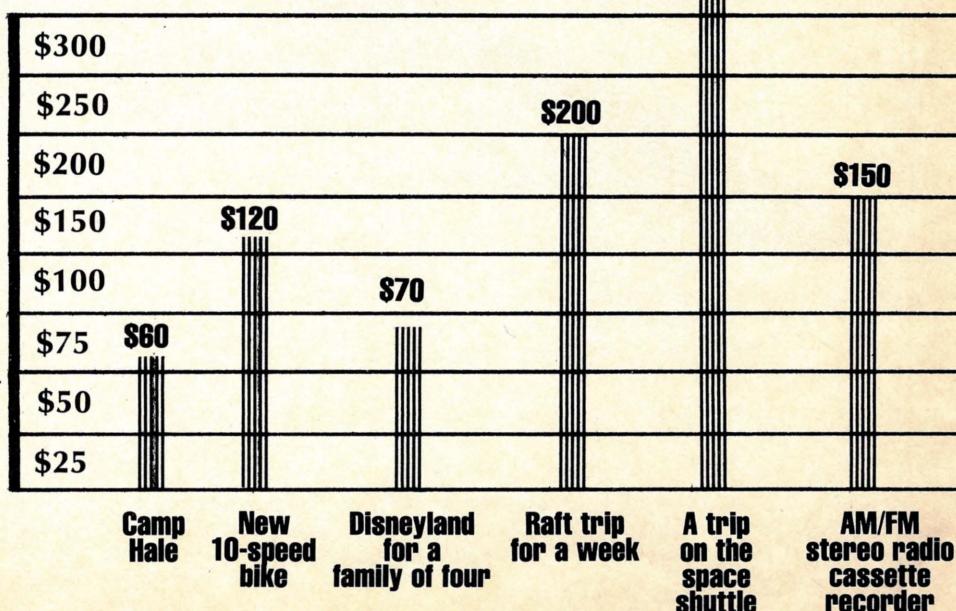
In Ontario, Pathfinders in the metro Toronto and Pel Region areas have a unique plan for getting to Camp Hale. They're going to ride buses. Now you probably think riding buses isn't unique. You're right. After all, everybody's riding a bus to Camp Hale. But the Ontario Pathfinders don't have any buses! They're planning to raise money to buy secondhand buses for six or seven of the clubs in their federation.

Buying a bus will cost about \$5,000 (Canadian) (US\$3,765) plus the money for

repairs and expenses on the trip. They figure it will cost them \$10,000 (Canadian) (US\$7,530) per club to get to Colorado.

There are 350 Pathfinders in about twenty to twenty-five clubs in the Ontario Federation. David Clark, the federation leader says the Pathfinders have been raising money by selling items like toothbrush-and-toothpaste sets, pens, and Christmas place mats. On Victoria Day many of the clubs held a walkathon. One club raised over \$1,300 (Canadian) (US\$979) from just that event.

## Approximate Costs of items compared to Camp Hale Registration



## Forest Grove Guards Olympics

Imagine yourself at the Olympic opening ceremonies. Crowds of cheering people fill the stadium as the athletes from each country file onto the field dressed in their Olympic uniforms. And lining the parade route are Pathfinders dressed in uniform and standing at attention. Sounds like a dream, doesn't it? Well, for the Pathfinders in the Forest Grove Club in Oregon, it partly came true. They were honor guards in a track and field mini-Olympics held at David Douglass High School in Portland Oregon. Four academies from the Oregon Conference met to compete in a variety of events.



## How to Pick a Pocket

MARY RUMFORD

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," says an old proverb. For Pathfinders it might better read, "The way to a man's wallet is through his stomach." How? By holding benefit meals to earn money to get to the Camp Hale Camporee.

The Vegreville Pathfinder Club in the Alberta Conference recently held a benefit supper on a Saturday night. The supper was held at the church. About seventy-five hungry people showed up including some guests from other churches. By satisfying hunger pains, the Pathfinders, in one night, raised \$250 (Canadian) (US\$188.25) toward their trip.

**\$70**

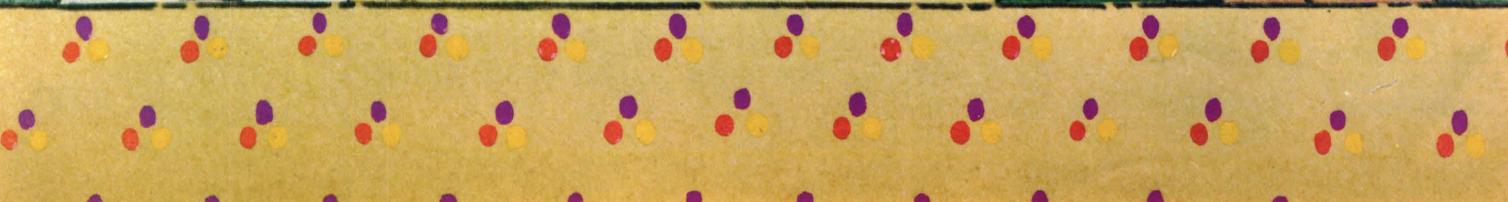


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# Almost Ten

Penny Estes Wheeler

**L**ORETTA DAY had hair the color of carrots, bright-blue eyes, and a happy smile. She was a pretty girl, but she didn't seem to know it. Short for her age, quiet and shy, Loretta was nearly 10 years old.

Amber Crawford had long, straight, wheat-colored hair. Tall and slim, she was graceful and had self-confidence uncommon in a girl her age. Amber was 13.

Amber had been a member of the Berryview Pathfinder Club for three years, and Loretta was counting the weeks until she herself would be 10 and could join the club. The two girls went to the same church school but were in different rooms, so they didn't often see each other.

One Sunday Loretta and her mother were shopping in the grocery store when they spotted Mr. Moutcap, the Pathfinder leader. "Loretta will turn 10 Thanksgiving week. May she join the Pathfinders then?" Mrs. Day asked.

"We'll be glad to have her," Mr. Moutcap boomed in his friendly-bear voice. "In fact, why not let her come to the club meeting Tuesday night? It's Halloween, and the kids will be collecting cans of food for Thanksgiving baskets." He turned to Loretta. "Would you like that?"

Loretta, in her shyness, hardly raised her head; but a smile lit up her whole face. "OK," she whispered.

She couldn't believe it. Pathfinders! She'd never belonged to any kind of club, and she'd never gone by herself any place but to school. Lying in bed that night and listening to her little sister's even breathing, Loretta's mind raced from one question to the other. Who'll be there? What if I can't do the crafts? What if I don't know how to collect cans? What if . . .

At that point her eyes opened wide in the dark room. I'll be the youngest one there, she thought, but I'm almost 10; and if I'm old enough to be a Pathfinder, I'm old enough to handle 'most anything!

Monday crawled past. Tuesday morning dawned. "Tonight's the night," she whispered to herself as she dressed for school. Then a big question popped into her mind, and she raced to the kitchen.

"What will they wear tonight, Mom?"

"Who? Oh, the Pathfinders. Probably their uniforms, dear." Mrs. Day was finishing the school lunches. "Ask someone."

"Who?"

"I don't know who." She closed a lunch box and then pushed the

jar of granola toward Loretta. "Ask Amber Crawford; she's a Pathfinder, isn't she?"

But Loretta didn't want to ask Amber. She didn't want to seem dumb. What if Amber thought she was too young to join?

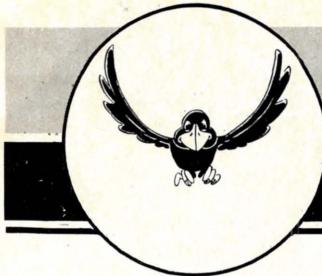
Mom's voice cut into her thoughts. "Eat, Loretta. Your sister is already through. It's time to leave."

Loretta picked the raisins out of her cereal, absent-mindedly pushing the rest of it around in the bowl to make mountains among the rivers of milk. "I don't know what to wear tonight."

"Loretta!"

Somehow she got to school on time and even half-listened to the teacher, but her attention wasn't on what was happening in the classroom. In her mind she was going from house to house on an unfamiliar, dark street. She pictured herself stammering a request for cans for the needy and having to repeat it because she didn't speak loudly enough. Everyone told her that she had such a tiny voice.

Loretta sighed. In spite of staring at her reading workbook for ten minutes, she hadn't read a word. Picking up her pencil, she read the first question and tried to answer it,



but it didn't seem to make any sense. Tears tried to spill from her eyes, but she brushed them away.

She knew—in the deepest corner of her mind—that she was too timid to collect cans. And yet she would never in a million years admit it to anyone.

After school was over, Loretta's mother called Amber to see about proper clothes for the evening.

"Yes, Mrs. Day, I can answer that question. Since Loretta doesn't have a uniform, she may wear whatever she wants as long as it looks nice. Slacks are OK since it's so chilly outside."

Loretta put on her new red slacks and cream-colored blouse with the roses around the yoke. Saying Goodbye to her younger sisters and Dad, she got into the car so Mom could drive her to the school, where the Pathfinders met.

"Are you coming in with me?" Loretta asked.

"Do you want me to?"

"I don't care."

"Well, since it's the first time—"

Mother sat in a chair against the wall with the Pathfinder sponsors and nudged Loretta toward the group of excited young people. "Would you be able to stay to help drive?" Mr. Moutcap asked her.

"I'll be glad to."

He called the group to attention, and they had their opening exercises. "Remember that we handed out leaflets last week telling the neighbors about our club and explaining that we'd be by tonight to collect food for the needy. They'll be expecting you. Let's divide up and get started so that we can finish early and get back here for our meeting.

Mr. Moutcap assigned the Pathfinders to different cars, sending Loretta and three older girls—Amber, Sue, and Cindy—with Mrs. Day.

Loretta's heart fluttered beneath the dusty roses on her blouse as her mother turned onto the first dark, winding road they were to cover. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and nervousness; her hands were tightened around a collection sack.

"Let's go together, all three of us," Cindy suggested to Amber and Sue.

"No, Amber. You go with me," Sue demanded.

Loretta's muscles tensed. No one wants to go with me, she sighed inwardly. I'll have to go up to those dark houses all alone.

But no. What did she hear Amber saying?

"No, Sue. You and Cindy go together. I'm going with Loretta."

"Aw, come on Amber. You—"

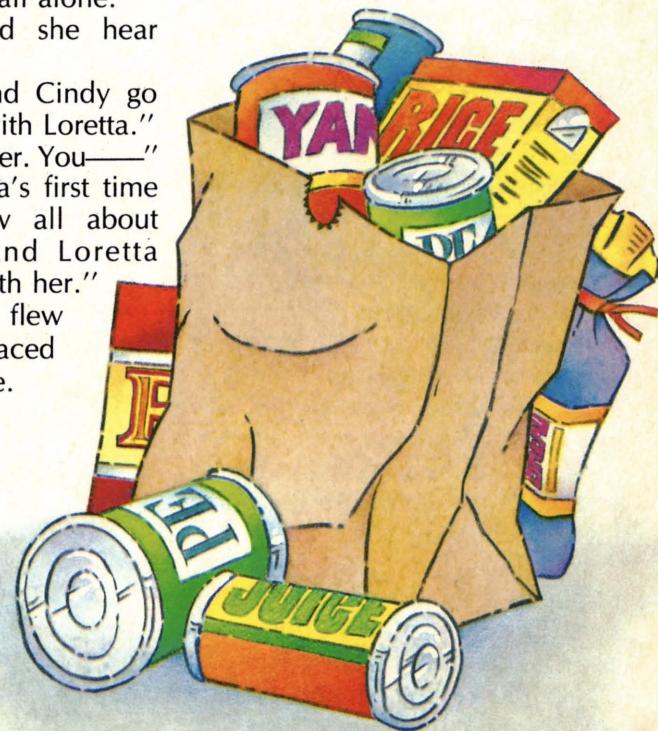
"No, this is Loretta's first time out. You two know all about collecting cans, and Loretta doesn't. I'm going with her."

Loretta's feet fairly flew as she and Amber raced from house to house. They filled one big sack

with cans, put it into the car, and picked up another one. Many people were waiting for them with canned goods already at the door. Loretta herself asked for cans at some of the houses—and in a good strong voice too!

Pure happiness filled Loretta's heart as she went to bed that night. She'd had more fun than she'd ever imagined. It hadn't been scary at all, not with Amber along.

And Amber—why did she choose Loretta? What made her so thoughtful? Perhaps because she remembered when she herself was 10 years old and unsure of herself. Or maybe she had just become so well acquainted with Christ that it came natural for her to do just what He'd have done.



## “What’s in a Name?”

by Jeff Johnson

How good are you at remembering names? If you’re like most people, it can be hard sometimes. One thing about a computer is it hardly ever forgets. It can even help you remember. How? Well, let’s take a look. Can you name all twelve disciples of Jesus? How about the name of Amram’s wife, the mother of Moses? If you know your Bible pretty well, these might seem like easy names. If they seem hard, maybe your computer can help.

Listed below are two Bible quiz programs. They are written in a very basic program language and should work on most computers. Just enter them exactly the way they appear on this page. When you’re finished with each one, type RUN. The computer does the rest. With a little practice, you will know all the disciples and many other names as well. Then try them out on a friend. They make great Sabbath afternoon games.

One last thing. Not only does the computer test your memory for names, but it also checks your spelling. If the right name is spelled wrong, you’ll have to try again. But keep at it. You’ll find your computer is not just a teacher. It’s fun, too.

```

10 PRINT"FOR EACH OF THESE MEN"
20 PRINT"TYPE IN THEIR WIVES"
30 PRINT:PRINT
40 FOR I = 1 TO 12:READ M$,W$
50 PRINT M$(I);:INPUT" ";N$
60 IF N$=W$ THEN PRINT"GOOD!!!"
70 IF N$=W$ THEN R=R+1 :GOTO 90
80 PRINT"SORRY, THE ANSWER IS ";W$
90 PRINT:NEXT I
100 PRINT"YOU DID";R;"NAMES
CORRECTLY"
110 END
120 DATA ADAM,EVE,ISAAC,REBEKAH
130 DATA ABRAHAM,SARAH,ZACHARIAS
140 DATA ELISABETH,AMRAM,JOCHEBED
150 DATA BOAZ,RUTH,JOSEPH,MARY
160 DATA MOSES,ZIPPORAH,AQUILA
170 DATA PRISCILLA,AHAB,JEZEBEL
180 DATA ELKANAH,HANNAH,HOSEA
190 DATA GOMER,ANANIAS,SAPPHIRA

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10 DIMAS$(12),A(12)
20 FOR I=1 TO 30:PRINT:NEXT I
30 FOR I=1 TO 12:READ A$(I):NEXT I
40 PRINT"TYPE *** FOR HELP"
50 INPUT"NAME A DISCIPLE";N$
60 IF N$="***" THEN 140
70 FOR I = 1 TO 12:IF N$=A$(I)
THEN 100
80 NEXT I : PRINT"SORRY, TRY
AGAIN"
90 GOTO 50
100 IF A(I)=1 THEN 80
110 A(I)=1:L=L+1:PRINT"GOOD!!!"
120 IF L=12 THEN PRINT"GOOD
JOB":END
130 GOTO 50
140 PRINT:PRINT"YOU MISSED:"
150 FOR I = 1 TO 12
160 IF A(I)=0 THEN PRINTA$(I)
170 NEXT I
180 END
190 DATA ANDREW,BARTHOLOMEW,JAMES
200 DATA JAMES,JOHN,JUDAS,MATTHEW
210 DATA THADDAEUS,PETER,PHILIP
220 DATA SIMON,THOMAS

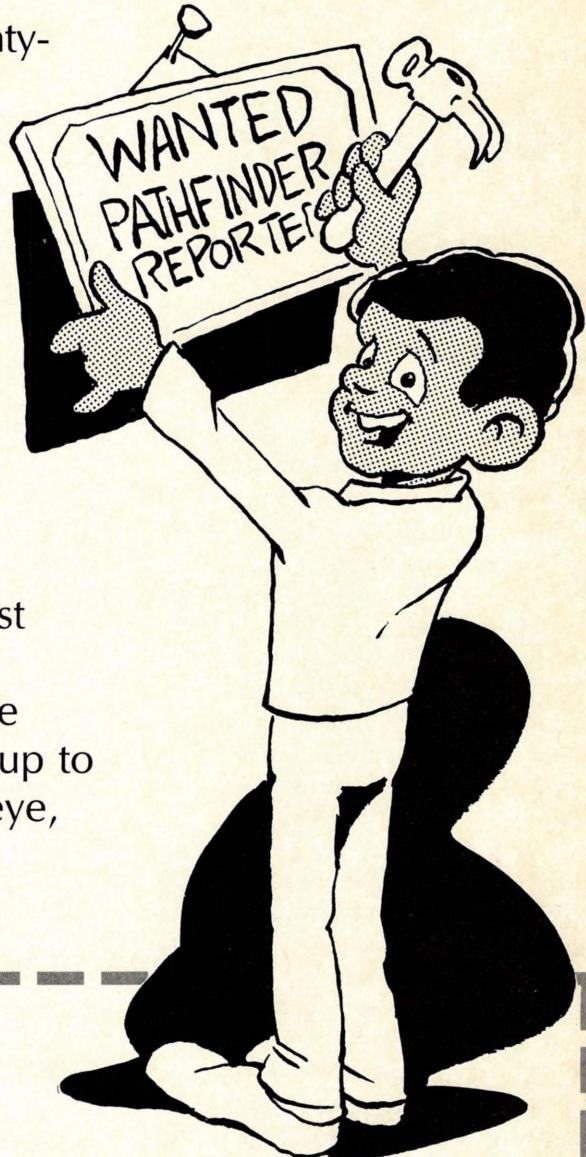
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**D**id you know there are more than twenty-five thousand Pathfinders in North America? Not to mention the thousands of club members around the world.

You're part of a *big* family! Keeping track of what everyone is up to is just as enormous. To do it, we need *your* help. That's right. We want *you* to become a *Pathfinder* reporter. It's not hard.

Just dig up the answers to the questions below and send them in. That will keep us, and *you*, on top of what's going on. We'll be asking about who took the longest hike, who cooked the biggest pizza, who climbed the highest mountain, who got the most Honors—and much more. It will be up to *you* to give us the facts. So keep a sharp eye, Ace. We're depending on you.



## Pathfinder REPORTER REGISTRATION FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_

What was the longest campout (in days) your club took

Address \_\_\_\_\_

last year? \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Where did you go? \_\_\_\_\_

Club name \_\_\_\_\_

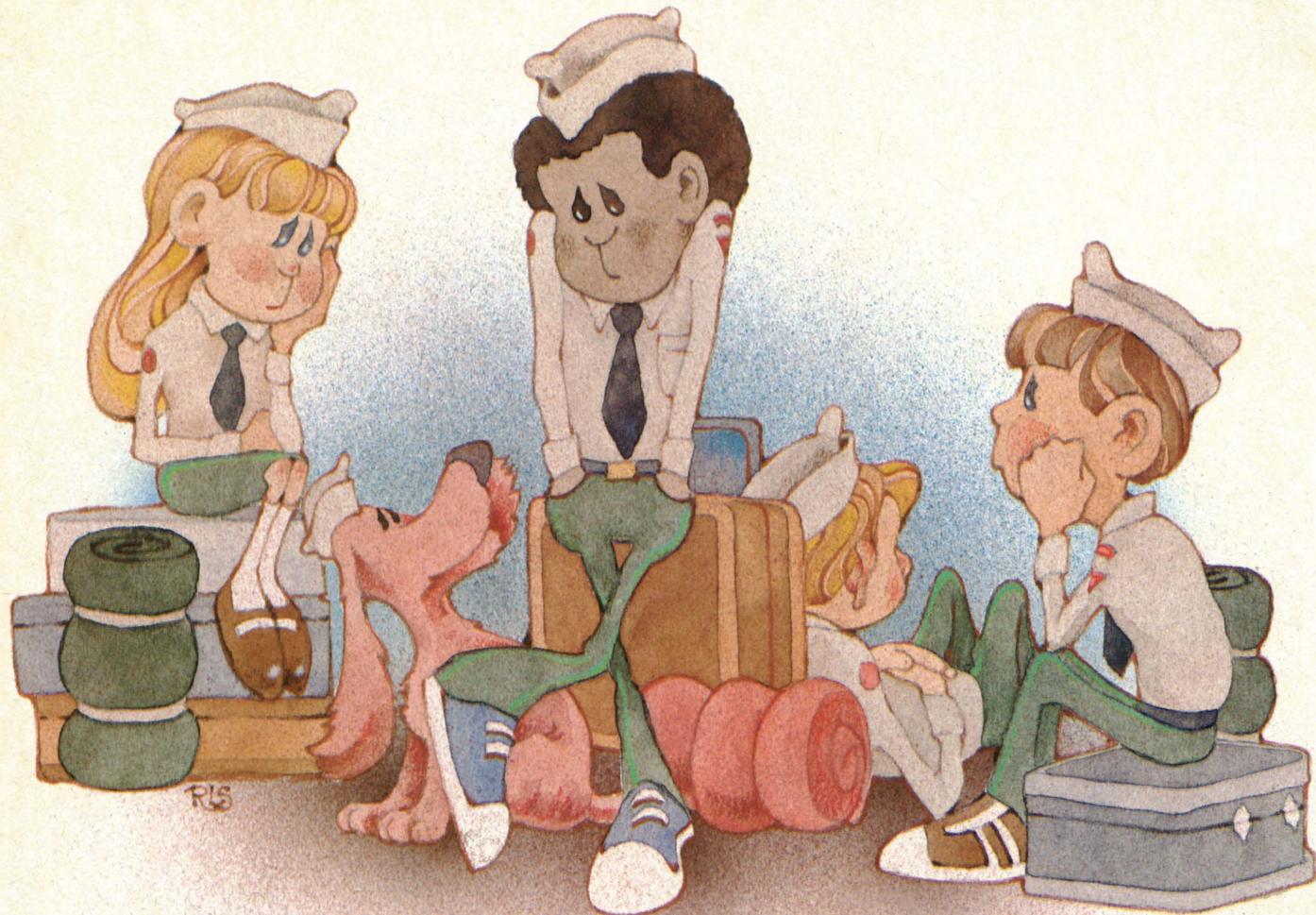
\_\_\_\_\_

Last Honor completed \_\_\_\_\_

On another sheet of paper, write about—or draw a

How many members in your club? \_\_\_\_\_

picture of—your most exciting adventure . . . in a canoe.



# Need money for Camp Hale?

You can sell small truth-filled books—the kind your neighbors would gladly buy to help a young person earn money for a worthy project.

Here's how the plan works. The books come in two sets—a \$10 pack and a \$5 pack. Each time you sell a

\$10 pack, you earn \$4. When you sell a \$5 pack, you earn \$2.

Many Pathfinder clubs are raising money for Camp Hale and other projects this way. Yours can too. Ask your leader to call your conference youth director today. He'll explain how your club can get started.

**Earn money and share your faith too.**



## New Loma Linda Fried Chicken. Lip-smackin' chicken taste. No bones about it!

### An old friend is back. Delicious original recipe.

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Look for new Loma Linda's Fried Chicken...canned or frozen. Try

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No bones about it.

For free recipe folder write to Loma Linda Foods, 11503 Pierce St., Riverside, CA 92515.

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